

A
WOMAN'S REVENGE:

OR, A
MATCH in NEWGATE.

A
COMEDY.

As it was ACTED at the
NEW THEATRE
IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

By Mr. BULLOCK.

The EIGHTH EDITION.

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Christopher Bullock

R 67598



PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. THEOBALD,

AND

Spoken by Mr. KEEN.

*I*N vain have Prologues, in keen Satyr writ,
Pretended to reform the stubborn Pit ;
*I*n vain have others penn'd in humble Strain,
With artful Flatt'ry sought your Smiles to gain :
Too late we find, no lashing Censure awes,
Nor servile Crouchings can command Applause ;
What then remains for Poet, or Play'r, to do,
When 'tis in vain to Threaten, or to Sue ?
Grant, our Desert no Dues of Praise demands,
Or on its arrogant Pretensions stands ; [Hands.]
*T*h' Attempt to please should find some Favour at your
Perhaps, with Ease, we might one Method use ;
But what we think Unjust, we must refuse ;
*F*action too long has strove t'engross the Stage,
And make it chime with a degen'rate Age.

PROLOGUE.

*The Ancient Bards, whose Heads the Bays did crown,
E'er Modern Names or Principles were known,
Mourn that their honest meaning Lines should raise
A Clap from Party, not from real Praise.
In Kindness your forc'd Applications spare,
Nor wrest them to Conceits, they cannot bear.
Th' injurious Custom does our Bard disgrace,
Gives him a Mask, and hides his genuine Face.
At this rate, might our youthful Author fear,
His guiltless Praise should strain'd Constructions wear ;
Because the Farce, which he presents to Night,
He did upon an old Foundation write ;
But his sole Aim, is to divert your Spleens
With Follies of low Life, and sportive Scenes :
Where, if there's Humour, you'll forgive him Sense ;
And 'stead of labour'd Lines, with homely Mirth dispense.*



EPI-



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mother Griffin, the Bawd.

*As oft you've known, when Tragic Scenes were ended,
Some beauteous Nymph has from the Grove ascended,
With Epilogue of Smut to Recompence
The Want of Passion, Humour, Wit and Sense ;
So I, from Newgate-Cloysters just set free,
Am sent our Bays's Advocate to be.
But, let me die—I've been so scar'd of late,
With Apprehensions of a hanging Fate ;
That I'm in better Cue to entertain,
In Tragic Airs, the solemn Paul Lorrain,
Than greet an Audience in a merry Strain.
Then Busines is so dull, as Heaven shall bear me,
I've not one ounce of Comfort left to cheer me ;
That damn'd Hide-Park has half undone our Trade,
And robb'd our House of many a vigorous Blade.
Curse on't ! all now that comes to pay my Rent is,
From scribbling Lawyer's Clerks, and City 'Prentice ;
The swagg'ring Youths, Shop shut, and Office done,
Will now and then come down a merry Crown.
But where's the Purchase of such sniv'ling Ninnies ?
Give me the full-pay Culls, that bring their Guineas :
Then we can treat, (what need I care who know it ?
Some strong-back'd Pastor, or some favourite Poet.
But now I talk of Poets, pray you spare
Our this Night's Stripling, and his Virgin Ware ;
And to requite the Favour, you shall find,
Choice Girls with me—and Mother Griffin kind.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Thinkwell, Father to <i>Celia</i>	}	Mr. Bullock, sen.
and Uncle to <i>Miranda</i> .		
<i>Freeman</i> , in Love with <i>Celia</i> .		Mr. Husbands.
<i>Bevil</i> , in Love with <i>Corinna</i> .		Mr. Thurmond.
<i>Mixum</i> , a Vintner.		Mr. Pack.
<i>Vizard</i> , a notorious Cheat.		Mr. C. Bullock.
<i>Tom</i> , Servant to <i>Bevil</i> .		Mr. Spiller.
<i>Solomon</i> , a Barber's Boy.		
<i>Padwell</i> ,	{	Mr. Spiller.
<i>Harry</i> ,		Mr. Wood.
<i>Jack</i> ,		Mr. Rogers.
<i>Tom</i> ,		Mr. Ogden.
<i>A Fidler</i> .		Mr. H. Bullock.
<i>Felons under Con-</i>		
<i>demnation</i> .		

W O M E N.

<i>Celia</i> , in Love with <i>Freeman</i> .	}	Mrs. Vincent.
<i>Miranda</i> , in Love with <i>Bevil</i> .		Mrs. Spiller.
<i>Corinna</i> , a Jilt, and formerly		Mrs. Thurmond.
Mistress to <i>Freeman</i> .	}	
<i>Mother Griffin</i> , an old Bawd.		Mrs. Griffin.
<i>Mrs. Mixum</i> .		Mrs. Hunt.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*



A

WOMAN'S REVENGE:

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Freeman, and Mixum the Vintner.

F R E E M A N.



O W now, *Robin Mixum!* What makes thee in this Confusion! What's the Matter?

Mix. O, Sir, the most villainous Piece of Roguery,—not of my own, Sir,—but that Rogue of all Rogues, *Vizard's* committing: I'll tell you, Sir, how it was; that Villain *Vizard*, who has more Tricks than a Jesuit, and wou'd make an Ass of the Devil, came to my House one Night, and with a Woman, whom he told me he had married, and that she was a great Fortune; upon which I grew extremely civil: He order'd the Cloth to be laid; which was done while you cou'd whistle, and bespoke a Supper, which was upon the Table in a Trice: He gave me a Bill of twenty Pounds, and desired the Money of me: The Goldsmith living too

far

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far to send at that Time, I willingly gave him the Money, took his Bill, and withdrew : Then enters a blind Harper, and cries, Do you lack any Musick ? He cries, play ; the Harper uncases, the Drawer is nodded out, who obeys, believing he wou'd be private with the Gentlewoman ; and 'tis *Sam's Part*, you know, Sir, to wink at such Things.

Free. Right, and civil.

Mix. Well, Sir, having eat the Supper, and perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper, whose Eyes Heaven had shut from beholding Wickedness, opens the Casement to the Street, very patiently packs up my Plate, naturally thrusts the Woman out of the Window, and himself with the most acute Dexterity, leaps after her : The blind Harper plays on, bids the empty Dishes, much good may do them, and plays on still ; the Drawer returns, cries, D'ye call, Sir ? But out, alas ! the Birds were flown, Sir, flown ; Laments were rais'd.—

Free. Which did not pierce the Heavens.

Mix. *Sam* cries out ; my Wife in the Bar hears the Noise ; she bawls out : I heard her, and thunder'd ; the Boys flew like Lightning, and all was in Confusion ; my Plate being gone, and the Thief after it, I bethought me of my Bill, ran with all Speed to the Goldsmith's to receive my Money ;—but out alas ? the Bill prov'd forged : I was seiz'd, *Vizard* ran away, my Word wou'd not be taken, I was found guilty of Forgery, lost my Reputation, and set in the Pillory for being cheated.

Free. Was it impossible to find him ?

Mix. Sir, he walks invisible ; you might as soon find Truth in a Gamester, Sincerity in a Lawyer, or Honour in a Poet ; he changes his Dress and his Lodgings, as often as a Whore does her Name and her Lover : I'll e'en go home, and comfort myself and my Wife ; and for that Rogue *Vizard*, I hope I shall live to see him hang'd in Hemp of his own beating. [Exit.

Free. This is a most exemplary Piece of Justice : This Vintner I know to be a Knave, one that has cunning enough

nought to cheat all that put Faith in him, and Wit enough to avoid the Punishment of his own Crimes, but by the Malignity of Fortune, is ever suffering for other Mens Roguery: Ha, here comes the ambo-dexterous Knave: So, Mr. *Vizard*, [Enter Vizard] you are in great Haste, upon a hot Scent, I find, in quest of your Prey: What darling of Fortune are you going to run down?

Viz. Fie, Mr. *Freeman*, you shou'd not judge so hard of a poor Man.

Free. The Accusation of *Robin Mixum* the Vintner, concerning the forg'd Bill, will give your Acquaintance a just Cause to distrust your Morals.

Viz. Sir there is not a greater Rogue in the whole Company of Vintners.

Free. The World, I believe, is pretty well apprised of his Honesty; but his being a Knave, is no Proof of your Innocence; you shou'd have appear'd in Court; and disprov'd his scandalous Accusation.

Viz. Villainy, Sir, is ever most fertile in Invention, while Innocence often suffers, and by Surprise is made incapable of Defence: The Rogue knew very well I did not dare to confront him in Court, by reason he had a swinging Action out against me; so he took the Advantage of my Misfortune, to vindicate his Reputation, by the Aspersion of mine: The Villain deprives me of my Livelihood, by unjustly possessing an Estate of two hundred Pounds *per Annum*, that my Father mortgaged to him for a thousand Pounds, which he spent again, in his House, and had nothing for it but bad Wine and gross Flattery, and now he would rob me of my good Character.

Free. Which you have been a Stranger to these 12 Months.—Come, come, your scandalous Practices, your Cheats and Tricks are pretty well known; consider, you have but few Friends, little Reputation, and less Money, and if you should be taken hold on by the Law, and convicted, you'd hardly escape its Punishment.

Viz. That's owing to the Corruption of the Age; for

as you seem to intimate, few Men, indeed, suffer for Dishonesty, but for Poverty, many: The greatest Part of Mankind being Rogues within, or without the Law, so that little Thieves are hang'd for the Security of great ones. Take my Word, Sir, there are greater Rogues ride in their own Coaches, than any that walk on Foot; a poor Fellow shall be hang'd for stealing to support Life, while many solemn Villains, with supercilious Faces, and brush'd Beavers, that plunder whole Families, are complimented with the Title of Right Worshipful.

Free. I wonder that a Man of your Understanding, and one that has run thro' so good a Fortune, can be contented with a Livelihood, got by such scandalous Practices; 'tis a Disgrace both to your Birth and Education: Have you no Friend that—

Viz. When I had Money, I had many Possessors; but Necessity is the Touchstone of Friends. I have learn'd, Sir, at a severe Expence, that Friendship is but a Shadow that attends the Sunshine of our Prosperity; that once o're clouded, with adverse Fortune, the other strait becomes invisible.

Free. I am too well assur'd of your Misfortune in that Respect, but endeavour to maintain a good Reputation, and you stand fair for Preferment; you are very well qualify'd for a Place, and have Merit enough to countenance your Pretensions.

Viz. Sir, with Submission, I find you have studied Books more than Men; you know what shou'd give a Man a Pretension to prefer himself, but are ignorant in what does; alas, Sir, the antient Theory of Virtue is quite revers'd, and he that has the most Money is now the Worthiest Man: Every Thing is to be sold; both ends of the Town are become Markets, and Consciences rise and fall at *Westminster*, as Stocks do in *Exchange-Alley*.

Free. You are very satirical, but I have made an Observation, that the greatest Knaves are the most severe Judges; they view all Mankind in the false Mir-

ror of their own Actions ; and when they can't defend their Villainies, think to extenuate them by pleading the Example of their Betters.

Viz. You mistake me, Sir, I am of a contrary Opinion, for if Example cou'd justify Actions, there cou'd be no Thieves ; Possession wou'd then be the only Right ; Children might turn their Fathers out of Doors, Subjects call their Sovereigns to Account, Usurpers plead a Right Divine, and the greatest Villainies wou'd become lawful ; I cou'd say more, Sir, but great Mens Vices must be sacred—where *Scandalum Magnum* is punish'd with such Severity, and Money is an Argument to prove Black White, poor Men dare not speak the Truth of their Betters. In this Age there are more Funeral Sermons, than Satyrs.

Free. I can't say but in some Measure your Observation is just, few Men having the Sense to bear honest Satyr as they ought.

Viz. Sir, give me Leave to recommend this small Treatise to your Perusal, 'tis call'd, *Beware of a Knav* ; 'tis a true Description of Mankind, written originally in *Spanish*, by an excellent Master, in the thriving Art of *Chicane*. [Gives him a Book.]

Free. What shou'd I do with it ? Think'it thou I am so base to study such vile Arts, or so indigent to practise 'em.

Viz. I mean no Reflection on your Honour of Fortune ; but in these couzening Times, 'tis more necessary to study other Men, than ourselves ; and 'tis proper to know false Dice, tho' a Man scorns to make use of them ; Ay, Sir, there's many a Man, perhaps that you think honester than myself, wou'd, if Opportunity serv'd, look in your Face, and pick your Pocket.—Time and Experience will confirm you in Truth of what I say : [Picks his Pooket.] The Age is quite alter'd, Interest is now the Standard of most Men's Actions, and every Thing accounted Virtuous that promotes it ; a Man's Prosperity is now the only Mark of his Wisdom and Honesty, while

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while ill Fortune and poor Cloaths, make a Man suspected for a Fool, or a Rogue : Besides, Sir, for a Man to aim at Preferment, with nothing but a good Reputation, wou'd be as fruitless, as to sue for an Estate in *Formâ Pauperis* : Merit, Sir, gives a Man no Title to Advancement ; Preferment, Sir, like a Common-Whore, was ever courted with Presents.

Free. I wish it were otherwise,—however, the worst of Times can't make an Impression on true Virtue ; for that's a Rock, that stands immovable in the most violent Storms of Fortune :—There's somewhat for you, and all I have about me Faith, at present : Be honest, and I shall be proud to serve you. [Exit.]

Viz. A civil Fellow, Faith ; I pickt his Pocket, and he generously rewarded my Ingenuity :—Be honest, ha, ha, ha, I thank you, Sir, I love no such starving Virtue : I shou'd be proud to serve you ! No, I despise a Life dependent on others Courtesy : There are Fools enough in the World for witty Men to strike their Fortunes out of, and he only deserves to live, that has an Art, to extract Gold out of Lead. [Exit.]

Scene changes. Enter Tom.

Tom. The Devil take this Woman, I say, for thus transforming my Master ; For a Man of Sense to fall in love with a Prostitute ; one that he knows is common too, 'tis such a Madness ! If he thought she were virtuous it were some Excuse for his Folly : Sure never Man was so alter'd ; he has not been in Bed all Night, but lies where I left him eight Hours since stretch'd out upon a Couch, but the Devil a wink that he sleeps—nor is he awake, but lies like a Man in a Trance, between both : If I go into him, he falls a Swearing, if I go from him, he falls a Singing ; for my Part, I can't tell whether he is in Pain, or Pleasure.—od-so, he's mov'd at last.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Why are Prostitutes held such odious Things ?
Corinna's

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Corinna's beautiful as the most Chaste: Can Custom spoil what Nature made so good? If so, the Beasts, and Birds, are happier far than Man, in whom an in-born Heat is held no Sin: Custom makes them not blush, nor Shame restrains, or curbs their generous Passions: How vastly then do they transcend poor wretched Man, whom National Custom, the Tyrannous Respect of slavish Orders, fetters; calling that Sin in us, which in all else is highest Virtue.

Tom. 'Tis a strange Thing, that a Man should be blind with his Eyes wide open — Sir, pray hear me a little, and don't let your Passion over-come your Reason; 'tis want of Philosophy makes Men fall in Love; but sure nothing less than want of common Sense could suffer a Man to grow passionately fond of a Whore, as you, Sir, know *Corinna* is; that she has been kept by your intimate Friend, *Mr. Freeman*, and now left and despised by him.

Bev. Impudent Scoundrel, dare you offer your Advice.

Tom. Sir, I am your poor Servant, and you may call my Love what you please; but I must be your Friend, and will be your Friend; I can't be dumb, and suffer you to run head-long into your own Ruin, (for nothing is more certain, if you indulge this dangerous Passion for such a vile Woman) read your Histories, study your Philosophers, examine your Poets, you shall see how full their Writings are of the wicked Examples of Lewd-Women: Consult with *Seneca*, hearken to *Aristotle*, they will inform you of their Tricks, their Baseness, their Wantonness, their Tears, their Treachery, their Ingratitude, their Impudence, their Inconstancy, their Swearing, and Forswearing, their Turnings, and Windings, and all their Deceits: Oh, Sir, Women are the most giddy uncertain Motions under Heaven, and he is the happiest, that has the least to do with them.

Bev. How cam'st thou by all this Philosophy?

B

Tom.

Tom. Sir, all is not white that differs from black ; nor is all Gold that glitters ; I say have a care of this Woman, and indeed of all Women ; they do Things too hard for any Man to understand ; they'll give you Cause to love 'em To-day, and Reason to hate 'em To-morrow ; they'll like this Minute, and hate you the next ; they'll please you in private, and torment you in publick : They'll draw you in secretly at their Windows, and rail at you openly in the Streets ; they are quickly won, and quickly lost ; soon pleas'd and as soon displeas'd ; they'll invite you to 'em, and bid you begone ; call you, and yet exclude you ; they'll give you Roast-meat and beat you with the Spit.

Bev. I know not, by what strange Fate I am hurried, but I must enjoy her, let whatever Inconveniences attend it.

[Exit.]

Tom. What squint-ey'd Star is it, that has robb'd my Master of his Wits ? O *Cupid* ! how unsearchable are thy Misteries ? Now may my Curse go with her ; may she live to grow blind with Desire, senseless with Use, despis'd after, flatter'd before, hated always, trusted never, abhor'd ever—and lastly, may she live to wear a foul Smock seven Weeks together, Heaven I beseech thee !

Scene changes. Enter Mother Griffin, and Corinna.

M. Griff. Nay, good, sweet, honey Daughter, do not indulge my Passion thus : You hear *Freeman* is to be married, true ; he has abus'd you, right ; he has cast you off, ay he will leave you to the World, what then ? Tho' Blue, and White, Black and Green leave you, may not Red and Yellow entertain you ? Is there but one Colour in the Rainbow ?

Cor. Cease your sententious Nonsense, let me go loose as the Winds, when Mad, when raging Mad ; 'twas you that first seduc'd me ; swore that he lov'd me, shou'd eternally, and when my Virtue had resolv'd me good, you besieg'd it round with Tales of *Freeman*, repeated

repeated all his Charms so often o'er, my Heart began to yield, and Virtue fade like Flowers with too much Heat, which when you saw, told him my Strength, and how he best might conquer ; and he, oh, lov'd Tyrant ! found it true, and never ceas'd till he had vanquish'd all : Leave me thou Witch, that has brought my Soul and Body all to nothing.

M. Griff. How can you have the Conscience to belie my Industry thus ? To nothing ! I'll be sworn I have brought you to all the Things I could. I have made as much of you, as a Woman of any Conscience cou'd do. I help'd you to no ill Chapmen, Mistress ; none of your swaggering Scrubs that sin *gratis*, that compound with Glass-Windows for Venery, and bully a Woman into Compliance ; or Lawyers Clerks, your pitiful Half-Crown Sinners ; but worthy Citizens, such as were able to pay well for their Pastime.

Cor. I'll be reveng'd, nothing but dire Revenge shall satiate my Rage ; methinks I am inspir'd with manly Strength, a bloody Courage swells my rising Heart, and I shall act some wond'rous Mischief : And yet see him Bleed, he that has sworn so many tender Things, and breath'd 'em all in Kisses on my Bosom ; but now all those, and Thousands new-invented, he pays another Mistress—I die, and cannot bear the Thought ; Why did'st thou praise this Monster ?

M. Griff. I did praise him, I confess I did praise him ; I said he was a Fool, an Unthrift, a true Whore-master, a constant Drab-keeper ; but what, the Wind is turn'd, the Fellow is grown wiser on a sudden : But what, will not his Friend *Bevil* go down with you ; he is a wealthy Fellow, is almost out of his Wits for Love of thee ; his Purse will never be shut to thee ; then he's a fine Gentleman, and I'll be sworn a strong one, or I have lost my Skill ; he has a Leg like a Post, a Brow liste a Bull, and a Nose of most fair Expectation ?

Cor. I hate *Bevil*, for his Friends-sake, and cou'd I murder all that know him, my Revenge wou'd do it :

I cannot live without that perjur'd Freeman, nor shall he live long to boast his Infidelity: I'll have his Throat cut before I sleep, if possible: Oh, I cou'd curse the happy *Celia*, whose Charms have robb'd me of his Heart.

Enter Bevil.

Bev. What clouded in Grief, my fair *Corinna*? In such a Sorrow sat the Queen of Love, when in the Woods she mourn'd her young *Adonis*'s Death, and from her Chrystral—dropping Eyes, did pay a Lover's Obsequy: Light of my Soul, my Heart's refined Part, why dost thou weep, why like distilling Roses waste, dissolving thus thy Beauties to a Dew?

Cor. Oh, 'tis not in the Power of Eloquence to ease my tortur'd Heart! talk not of Love, it is the most hateful to me; I can no more give Credit to your deluding Sex, whose Pride is to deceive.

Bev. Condemn not all our Sex, for the Inconstancy of one; Indeed I cannot play the Dissembler, and court thy Beauties, like one, whose Love hangs on his loose Tongue:

Cor. Just so he talk'd, and I, fond Fool, believ'd, and tir'd him out with Love: But you are all false, inconstant, faithless Tyrants, and Betrayers, even in that very Minute that you gain us.

Bev. Come, come, you must Consent; this Body sure was form'd for Love's sweet Exercise:—Oh! how she fires my Soul! *Embracing her.*

M. Griff. Ah, ah, ah, cunning Gipsy, how she works him up by Degrees; well, if I had bred her from my own Body, she cou'd not have been more like me; she has her Trade to a hair, I faith: — Now have those little Impudent black Eyes of her's, star'd him out of his Understanding: — Well, 'tis a strange Thing, but 'tis a true Thing, that Men of the best Understanding are the easiest impos'd on by our Sex; and Beauty, Wit, and good Humour, are no Force against Ignorance, from which I draw this Paradox, that Fools are wise Men in the Affairs of Women. See, see, how prettily she manages

nages him ; her Eyes bid him come on, and her Hands keep him off ; the best way in the World to shut up his Understanding, and open his Purse.

Cor. This Man, whom I abhor, through all my Rage, I see has Passion for me ; raise it ye Powers, till it become so high, to be employ'd a fatal Instrument in my Revenge— [Aside.] Nay, pray Sir, leave the neglected.

Bev. Can such a Beauty be neglected ? Oh ! happy, happy *Freeman*, who uncontroll'd may range o'er such a Field of Love, suck from thy balmy Lips Ambrosial Sweets, and stifle in the Fragrancy of Charms.

M. Griff. Ay, there was a Rapture for you ; that's twenty Guineas more in our Way, if she is Rhetorick-Proof, and don't consent too soon ; but these same sugar Words, a pize on 'em, have a strange Effect upon Youth, and are too apt to open a Woman's Inclination, if she be not well governed in her Vocation.

Cor. Oh, my poor forsaken Heart !

M. Griff. Ay, marry, that Sigh was artfully flung in ; that moves Pity, and Pity is the Bellows of Love, which blows, and blows the Fire up by Degrees ; see, if she has not made it flame out of his Eyes already ?

Bev. Reason's Efforts are vain ; I am my Passion's Slave, and cannot quit this scornful Woman : Alas, *Corinna*, why dost thou waste those precious Drops in Memory of a false ungrateful Man ? Sorrow will fade the rosy Tincture in thy Cheeks, and blast thy springing Beauties : He saw thee not who left thee ; such Charms could not be seen, and slighted ; up-lift thy Eyes, and see in me, a Man that doats upon thee ; oh, I am all Faith, all Constancy !

M. Griff. So, now he should begin to dissolve a little ; there's an Art in all Trades ; in ours, it is a greater Part to know when to come on, and when to stand off : The Man's Passion is now at the Top ; it is an old Observation I have made, that when the Pot boils over, it cools itself : — But then the Fat's all in the Fire — Ay ! that is not as it shou'd be — she shou'd encourage

him a little, or the hot Fire will be over, and he degenerate into cool Reason again.

Cor. Persuade me not; oh, I can never love again.

Bev. My Love grows high, and rages in me like a Storm; believe my Vows, but you have been deceived that way already: Therefore thou dear, thou lovely injured fair One, credit my plain Sincerity, I will be grateful in what way you please, take me to your Embraces.

Cor. And do you take me then for such a Creature, that have no Sense, but Appetite, the brutal Part of Love? I am not yet abandon'd to such Wretchedness.

Bev. Forgive me, who too hastily run o're what ought to have been said of my Passion, and come too rudely on the wish'd-for Part; 'tis the Effect of youthful Ignorance, of hot Desire, and eager to be happy.

Cor. Think on the Sin.

Bev. 'Tis none, but a vile Imposition on the Law of Nature, contriv'd by cunning, avaricious Fathers, to stop the rapid Tide of generous Love, and tye it down to sordid Interest: What did the Creation mean a Woman for, but Pleasure? And Pleasure is the End of all we either do, or wish: Desire is a Law, set down by Nature's Counsel, and not to be disputed.

M. Griff. A marry, there's Logick! there's an Argument to encourage Trading in our Way: Marry, if I had not left my Pencil, and my Book, at the Meeting last Sabbath-Day, I would have taken it down in short-hand.

Cor. Think how you'll suffer in your Reputation.

Bev. No Matter what Fools of Form shall say, nothing is bad, or good, but my Opinion, and that was ever blind, or partial: I love to please myself, and not the World, I choose not with others Reason, but my own Eyes; they point out you, as my supremest good: Dull Custom I despise, I'll follow Nature's Laws; Beauty was made for Use, it gives Desire, Desire is natural, and what is natural cannot be a Sin.

M. Griff. An excellent Doctor of Fornication I vow, and argues very learnedly for its Practice. *Cor.*

Cor. Well, I will consent — shall I?

M. Griff. Ay ! that's prettily acted, to the Life, the Girl has nickt her Cue.

Cor. Shall I, or can I trust again ? Oh, Fool, how natural 'tis for Women to believe ? But will you not be false, shall not Possession pall ?

Bev. Possession pall ! Oh, no, my Love shall still Increase, shall grow upon Enjoyment ; upon thy Lips I swear, by this, and this, all the thrilling Joys to come, no Time shall languish my Affection, or Fruition satiate.

M. Griff. So, so, the Articles are sign'd, I leave 'em to exchange the Preliminaries by themselves. [Exit.

Cor. Can you believe this Heart, that has been us'd so ill already, can trust on feeble Vows ? Will you be bravely kind ? And as a Proof of your avow'd Affection, resolve to do a. Deed, would shake a Soul that is not fixt in Love ?

Bev. If within my Power, suppose it done.

Cor. Yes, — but 'tis no Matter — oh, *Bevil*, how have you stol'n into my Heart ! — indeed I do not love *Freeman*.

Bev. Then I am happy.

Cor. Nay, I do hate him.

Bev. You make me blest.

Cor. I wish he were not your Friend, for I hate him, by this Kiss I do.

Bev. I love to feel such Oaths, swear again.

Cor. Oh *Bevil*, I have made a Vow.

Bev. What Vow, my Charmer ?

Cor. I dare not tell, — endeavour to forget me, as I must to forget Mankind.

Bev. Stay, — rack me not thus with thy unkind Delay.

Cor. As long as *Freeman* lives, I must not, cannot, dare not Love.

Bev. Then he must die. —

Cor. Wou'd I were any Thing, so he were dead : —

Bev. Will you be mine when he is dead !

Cor.

Cor. Will I ! yes, by my Hope of dear Revenge I will, and only yours, inviolably yours.

Bev. Why then he dies, 'tis as irrevocable as Breath.

Cor. Now I am sure you love me. —

Bev. Beyond Expression. Words are too poor to paint the Transport of my Heart: Oh ! let me clasp thee in my desiring Arms, and dedicate this happy Moment unto Love. —

Cor. Bevil forbear, I'll not infringe my Vow ; while *Freeman* lives, you shall not take Possession of my Love, and of his Death this Token I require : He has a Ring, dear to him as his own Breath, a Pledge of Love from his fair *Celia* ; I have often try'd with cunning Art to get it from him ; but even in the softest Hours of Love, when I thought his Heart was mine by his protesting Tongue, he still refus'd me, swearing his Life and that must part together ; — now bring me this Ring, and then you shall not ask aught of me I'll deny :

Bev. What kill a Man ! my Friend too ! — let me not think on it — Reason avaunt ! Love commands my Heart — Madam farewell, I'll give a fatal Proof how well I love. [Exit.

Cor. Mischief succeed, my Heart sweells high for my Revenge, — the Friend will kill his Friend. He that survives I'll hang — then the Ring, — that gives my Malice the larger Scope, even to the vexing of fair *Celia*'s Heart ; — the Hate which from neglected Love proceeds, out-does the most inveterate Malice.

*In me the World shall know the worst of Evils ;
Woman forsaken, is the worst of Devils.* [Exit.

Enter *Mr. Thinkwell, and Freeman.*

Think. Sir, I am very well satisfy'd ; you need not make any Apology : If my Daughter likes you as well for a Husband, as I like you for a Son-in-Law, you shall be as happy as you please to think yourself.

Fre.

Free. I am only sorry (not for my own but *Celia's* Sake) that my Fortune is not equal to my Love.

Think. Look ye, Sir, if my Daughter likes your Person, the Smallness of your Fortune shan't forbid the Bands ; a good Husband is a Fortune, I say : Understanding is better than Land, and I had rather marry my Daughter to a Man that wants Money, than Money that wants a Man.

Free. Sir, this is a Blessing. —

Think. That's as it proves—look ye young Fellow, no set Speeches ; 'tis a strange Thing that a Man can't ask a Father's Consent to marry his Daughter, but he must put on a dull, serious Face, and make his Way with a melancholy Apology : Why can't Fathers and Sons be good Companions ? Once more, young Man, I give you my Consent ; my Daughter is young ; and in the *Feminine* Sex, desire to Marriage rides Post ; she's a good humour'd Girl, and does not want Understanding : She has some Inclination for you, I believe, by what I have heard and seen ; so if you can make one another happy in your Loves ; I'll make you both happy in a good Fortune.

Free. If I can make my Way to *Celia's* Heart, I shall be the happiest of Mankind.

Think. If a good Word of mine will do thee a Service, thou shalt not want it ; for I like thee, and think thee a proper Match for my Daughter ; I am entirely for having an Agreement of Years, and Hearts in Marriage ; I am not so old, to forget I was once young, which makes me cautious how I impose on my Child's Love ; I wou'd not have her Heart and her Hand divided ; tho' Love is very little consulted in the Marriages now a-days : *Cupid's* Arrows are headed with Gold ; if the Estates agree, no matter for the Affections, the Church has little to do in the Ceremony, the more's the Shame ; for the Lawyers are the Priests, and Bonds and Indentures the Bands of Matrimony, which causes so many Husbands and Wives to go different Ways ;

Ways: But, young Man, here has been Tears shed upon your Account, but that's under the Rose; here was a naughty Woman of your Acquaintance yesterday with my Daughter, I wish you have done honourably with that Creature.

Free. Sir, that Woman is the vilest of her Sex, I confess I have had an Affair with her, and now I have broke it off, she pursues me with an implacable Hatred.

Think. Well, well, we have all had our Follies, every one must have his Time of Probation, and I like a Man who knows the World. Experience is the best School-master; you'll know the Value of a virtuous Woman the better, by being acquainted with a vicious one, for good and bad, are only known by Comparison, but I am inform'd your Friend *Bevil* is grown passionately fond of her.

Free. Even to Madness; I never knew a Man of Sense so besotted.

Think. *Bevil* has not acted like a Man of Honour in his Behaviour to my Niece; his Love to that Creature has robb'd him of his good Manners, as well as his Sense, or he might have made some tolerable Excuse for his Neglect of the Girl; tho' she carries it off with good Humour, and I hope Time and Reflection on his Injustice will deface the Impression he has made on her Heart.

Free. Sir, I am certain *Bevil* is a Man of Honour, tho' he is bewitch'd to this pernicious Woman at present, and will, I am sure, approve himself to your and fair *Miranda*'s Satisfaction.

Think. Your Pardon, Sir, I do not think so; I know how to resent an Injury: But here comes my Daughter.

Enter *Celia*.

So *Celia*, a good Morning to you Child: Here's an Acquaintance of yours has been asking me to accept of him for a Son-in-Law; I won't put you to the Blush, by asking you if you can like him; tho' that's a kind of a tell-tale Look, my Dear, and I have not forgot the Language

Language of the Eyes, I can tell how your Heart beats.

Cel. Lord, Father, this is so surprizing. —

Think. P'sha, P'sha, what you have not dreamt of a Husband to Night, I warrant you, — Well, well, *Celia*, without more ado, if you have any Love to dispose on, here's your Chapman, and if you can give him your Heart, I'll give him my Consent, and a Coral for your first Boy: — Well, I'll leave you, for I find I do but spoil Sport: — Up to her young Fellow, and attack her briskly, cut a Caper into her Heart, — Odd, methinks I long to see you in Bed together. — Well, I'll leave open the Door of Opportunity, and *Cupid* speed you.

[Exit.]

Free. Now *Celia*, this is Happiness beyond our Expectations.

Cel. Now, I am sorry my Father has given his Consent.

Free. How, *Celia*! Are you sorry he has given his Consent?

Cel. Yes; for methinks I don't like you half so well now; there's a Pleasure in overcoming of Difficulties, and I should strangely like to be run away with.

Free. This is all Romance; when shall be the happy Day, my Charmer?

Cel. Ay, now 'tis my Charmer: I wish Matrimony don't make me your Tormentor. Marriage is a bold Venture; for Husbands are like Lots in a Lottery, forty Blanks to a Prize.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Bevil* is below, and desires to speak with you immediately, about important Business.

Free. Desire him to walk up — With your Leave, *Cel.* By all means — I'll leave you for the present, a kind ~~and~~ go comfort my Cousin, with the welcome News got thef the Prodigal's Return. —

[Exit. *Serv.*]

[Exit. *Enter*]

Enter Bevil.

Free. So, my Friend, what News from *Babylon*?
How does the Woman of Sin?

Bev. O *Freeman!* Sure Nature never before produced so damn'd a Devil.

Free. Which way does the Wind sit now?

Bev. I have escap'd falling into the worst of Mischiefs; I have been tempted to thy Death, and in my Heat of Passion, inflam'd with wild Desire, and robb'd of Reason, by her bewitching Charms, I vow'd to kill thee.

Free. What is the rampant Strumpet grown mad for the Loss of her Man? Now, do you consider *Bevil*, what you might have done, urg'd by your Love, and inveterate Malice? Then think betimes, and let this drive her from your Heart? How can't thou neglect the proffer'd Love of fair *Miranda*, and court the lewd Embraces of so vile a Creature?

Bev. I must pity poor *Miranda*; but oh my Friend! That Creature, vile as she is, has got into my Heart, and Reason cannot drive her thence — You have a Ring. —

Free. Which she wou'd have?

Bev. Ay, and thy Heart too; and as a Proof that I had kill'd you, she commanded me to bring that Ring, which she was well assur'd you wou'd part with Life first, for which Deed, and only which, I shall possess her Love.

Free. And then you vow'd to kill your Friend?

Bev. My Passion, not I; for when my Reason interpos'd, I could not bear to look upon myself: I am almost mad, to think I doat upon a Body, whose Soul, I know to be so hideous black; Oh, that I cou'd master my impatient Appetite!

Free. You may, you can, your Virtue having Space to think, and fortify her weaken'd Powers with Reason, and divine Discourse, will stifle this low and sensual Fire.

Bev.

Bev. Oh, no, my Friend, in Blood there's no Religion ; nor Reason, in Desire : I fear I shall be urg'd to act some Deed, whose very Name is hideous : I dare not trust myself.

Free. No ?

Bev. It is my Fate ; I must enjoy her.

Free. You shall ; here take this Ring, show it to that fair Devil ; it will confirm her that I am kill'd ; which Report, with my artificial Absence, will make good.

Bev. But if it be given out that you are slain, and that, by me, I shall be seiz'd. Where shall I find you ?

Free. At our Friend's the Goldsmith's ; I dare trust him with the Design.

Bev. Farewel, my Friend ; every Man has his Follies. — [Exit.

Free. Now Repentance, the Fool's Whip o'ertake thee ; I'll be thy Friend, but not thy Vices ; no Goldsmith shall see me : I'll hide where none shall think ; I'll make thee know, and feel thy Errors in the severest Sense, and into the worst, and vilest of Dangers thou shalt fall.

[Exit.

The End of the first Act.



A C T II.

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Vizard.

Viz. **A** Pox of all Dice ! I wish I cou'd forswear touching a Box again while I live, for what I get by other Mens Folly, I lose by my own : Let me see ! the Silver Tankard, which I stole from *Mixum* the

C

Vint-

Vintner, as great a Rogue as I myself, I sold for five and twenty Pounds, which I lost at Hazard in two Hours, and now I don't know where to eat ; Necessity is the Mother of Invention ; I have cheated all my Acquaintance over and over again, and am as poor now, as when I was honest ; I have but one poor solitary Shilling left.—Oh, here comes a Barber's Boy, his Bason, and Razors, will purchase a Dinner.

Enter Solomon.

How now, my Lad ! Where art thou going ?

Sol. To shave Mr. *Mixum*, Sir.

Viz. Oh, that's well, I was just going to your Master's.

Sol. To my Father's, you mean, I believe, Sir ?

Viz. Ay, right, thy Father's, you are a pretty Boy, I have heard Mr. *Mixum*, my Friend, commend thee much.

Sol. He is my Godfather, Sir.

Viz. Is he, is he ? Well, and what is thy Name ?

Sol. My Name is *Solomon Smack*.

Viz. A wise Boy, I assure you ; well, *Solomon*, I was just going to your Father's to borrow an Apron, a Bason, and Razors to shave Mr. *Mixum*, out of a Frolick ; so now I have met thee, I'll take thine.

[*Offers to take 'em.*]

Sol. O dear, Sir, What do you mean ?

Viz. No Harm, my Lad, only a Frolick ; I'll get thee, in the mean Time, to step to the Sign of the *Crown*, at the End of the Street, and tell the Gentleman who waits there for me, I desire him to come to me at Mr. *Mixum*'s House ; my Name is *Trueman*, and here is Six-pence for thy Pains ; I'll leave thy Bason, and Things for thee, at thy Godfather's.

Sol. Thank you, kindly, Sir ; I'll make Haste. [*Exit.*]

Viz. So, this happens luckily ; by this I get Admittance to *Mixum*'s Chamber, and if I can fix my Birdlime

lime Fingers upon any Thing that is moveable, I'm sure my Conscience won't fly in my Face ; I take more Pleasure in cheating that Rogue, than any Body I know ; and if I don't shave him now, I shall fay my Wit and my Razors are both very blunt. [Exit.

Scene changes. Enter Mixum and his Wife.

Wife. It is right, I assure you, just two and forty Pounds. [Lays the Money on the Table.]

Mix. Well, I'll send Home the Punch-bowl ; I must go taste some Wines that are just landed, but I shall be at Home at Supper.

Wife. Truly, Husband, I do begin to dislike this Vocation of ours ; we do cheat most abominably, and truly I speak it with Grief, to the pricking of my Conscience.

Mix. Prithee, peace Woman, what have we to do with Conscience ? Don't we keep a Tavern ? It is Time enough to talk of that, when we have got an Estate : Go, go mind your Busines, mend the Matter, and score false with a Vengeance : How, now ! Who are you ? [Enter Vizard, like a Barber.]

Viz. I am a Journeyman to Mr. Smack your Barber, and am come to shave you.

Mix. Pray what's your Name ?

Viz. Timothy Truth.

Mix. A very good Name ; but where is my Godson ? He us'd to shave me.

Viz. He's gone to shave Mr. Grub, the Lecturer, but my Master fear'd you might be in haste, and therefore sent me to shave you : — Will you be pleas'd to sit down ? — [He sits, Vizard puts the Shaving-

Cloth round his Neck.]

Mix. And how long have you been a Barber ?

Viz. About a Year, Sir.

Mix. Then you did not serve your Time to it ?

Viz. No, Sir, but I am willing to do any Thing for an honest Livelihood ; A wagging Hand, you know Sir, gets a Penny. [Making a Lather.

Mix. A good ingenious Fellow.

Viz. Yes, Sir, I have nothing else to trust to.

Mix. What were you bred to?

Viz. Tho Sea, Sir, I was an Apprentice to a Captain of a Merchant-man,

Mix. How came you to leave the Sea?

Viz. Ill Luck, Sir?

Mix. What was it?

Viz. What the Devil must I say now?—[*Aside.* Why, Sir, in my first Voyage, we met with three *Algerine* Pirates, which we made all the Sail from we could, but being deep laden, found it impossible; and I, having heard the Miseries those Men go through, that are made their Slaves, chose rather to run the Hazard of being drowned, than made their Prisoner, and so prevailed upon the Cooper of our Ship, to barrel me up in an Oatmeal-Cask, with six Biscakes, clap a strong Cork into the Bung-hole, and fling me over Board, which he immediately did;—there was I toss'd upon the Seas, for eight Days together, till I was almost starv'd; for I had nothing but these Biscakes to live on:—At last, as Fortune wou'd have it, a *Dutch* Man of War, sailing along, and 'spying a Barret, floating on the Sea, they mann'd out their Long-boat, and brought me aboard.—I was so faint, for want of Air, and Victuals, that I was not able to speak; but I heard 'em disputing what it was that shou'd be in the Barrel; one said it was Beef, another said it was Butter, and a third said it was Oatmeal; at last, the Cooper was called to beat out the Bung, which he did, and let out such a Fume, that they all concluded it stunk like the Devil: At last, one of the Sailors putting in his Hand to feel what it was, I whipt his Fore-finger and Thumb in my Mouth, and bit 'em clever off: (for you must know I was cursed hungry) with that, the Fellow roar'd out, it was the Devil, the Cooper clap'd the Bung into the Barrel, and toss'd me over-board again.—

Mix.

Mix. 'Ods-bud, that was ill Luck indeed!—How didst thou 'scape at last?

Viz. By meer Providence; I sail'd about the Sea, in this Barrel, for twelve Days more, and had nothing to live on but the Man's Fore-finger and Thumb.—Hold up your Head, Sir.

Mix. Twelve Days, O Pox, that cou'd not be, *Tim.*

Viz. 'Tis true, as I'm an honest Man;—at last, I found I was flung ashore by the Tide; and thinking to myself I might as well be drown'd, as starv'd (by this Time, you must know, I had not so much as a Nail of the Man's Finger and Thumb left) I struck out the Bung, and putting my Head out for a little fresh Air, found I was cast ashore in *Greenland*: Immediately, Sir, I 'spy'd a white Fox, come galloping down to the Sea-side, with that, I whip'd my Head into the Barrel again, knowing it to be a Beast of Prey.

Mix. A white Fox! How big was this white Fox?

Viz. Somewhat bigger than a large *Flanders* Mare, Sir, and down he came to the Barrel; so smelling where about I was, he roar'd like a Lyon; but as Providence wou'd have it, that very Moment, a Fly stung him by the Buttocks, and he turn'd round to rub himself against the Barrel; his Tail lying over the Bung hole, I clap'd fast hold on't with both my Hands; the Fox, frightned at that, fell a galloping, as if the Devil was at his Tail, and drew the Barrel, with me in it, over Hedge and Ditch, for three and twenty Miles together; but at last, jumping into a wood, and running full speed between two Trees, that stood very close together, stav'd the Barrel all to Pieces; away ran the Fox, and out came I.

Mix. O, *Tim*, this must be a Gun, *Tim.*

Viz. Every word true, or I wish I may never shave again: So, Sir, I travell'd to the Port, where I met with an *English* Vessel, and shipp'd myself a Passenger, and came home in her:—Shut your Eyes, or my Ball will make 'em smart.

Mix. Ay, ay,—I find you have been a great Traveller; was you ever in the Popish Countries?

Viz. In most Parts of *Italy*, Sir, and I am acquainted with all the Monasteries.—I was once treated very handsomely by an old Monk, with a delicate Hasty-pudding, made of the Milk of Saint *Luke's* Cow, and thicken'd with a Pound of the *Chaos*.

Mix. O, Pox, *Tim*, you talk like a Traveller, now, indeed.

Viz. Why, I hope you don't think I lye, Sir,---Pray shut your Eyes, Sir:---Oh Sir, there are Abundance of venerable Antiquities in all their Churches: Why, Sir, I, myself, saw the very Shoes in which Saint *Ignatius* walk'd bare-foot to *Jerusalem*: Nay, Sir, I saw the Horse-shoe, of the Horse, that begat the Mare, that foal'd the Foal, that was the Horse, that brought the Man, that knew the Man, that saw our Lady of *Loretto's* Chappel, fly from *Judæa* into *Italy*.

Mix. Truly, *Tim*, this is a Horse-shoe of Quality:—A pleasant Fellow, Faith.

Viz. O, Sir, it is renowned for doing Miracles; tis the very first Horse-shoe that ever kept Witches out of a House:—Take Time by the Fore-lock, says the Wiseman.—I must leave the Vintner in the Suds.

[Aside.]

[Takes the Bag off the Table, and runs off.]

Mix. O, Pox, this must be a damn'd Lye, *Tim*;--come make haste tho', ha, ha, ha, I can't help Laughing, to think what a Bead-roll of lyes thou hast told off-hand, with thy white Fox, thy Hasty-pudding, made of the *Chaos*, and thy wonderful Horse-shoe; thou dost not take me to be such an Ass to believe all this, sure?—Why don't you shave me?—Why, *Timothy*, I shall be blind with winking, *Tim*.—why, *Tim*.—O, Lord, my Heart misgives me?—why Wife,—Wife,—O, the Devil, my Money's gone!—Why, Wife,—Wife.—

Enter

Enter his Wife.

Wife. What's the Matter with you, Husband, you make such a Noise?

Mix. Where's the Barber?

Wife. Why, he is gone,—are you not trimm'd, then?—

Mix. Trimm'd! Yes, I am trimm'd, with a Vengeance:—Did you take the Money off this Table?

Wife. Not I, as I'm an honest Woman.—

Mix. O Lord, I have wink'd to some Purpose now—

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Pray, Godfather, give me your Blessing.

Mix. My Blessing! The Devil choak you, where's your Father's Man?

Sol. My Father has no Man, Sir.

Mix. My Money, my two and forty Pounds are gone! Who was't trimm'd me, you Dog?

Sol. I don't know, indeed, Sir; a Gentleman met me, as I was coming to you, and borrow'd my Bason, and Razors, as he said, for a Frolick.

Mix. A Pox of his Frolick; this must be that Rogue, *Vizard*; who the Devil could have suspected him in a Barber's Skin? 'Sbud, if I catch him, I'll strangle him with my own Hands.

Wife. Nay, good honest-hearted *Robin*, have Patience.

Mix. Patience with a Pox to you! Yes, that was the Doctrine you preach'd, when I caught Alderman *Standfast*, and your Ladyship, upon the red Squab Couch in the *Maidenhead*; Patience with a Devil!

Wife. Good Husband take Comfort, I'll play the Devil, but I'll recover it; then have a good Conscience *Robin*; 'tis but Scoring double for a Week, and that will fetch it up again.

Mix. O Wife, Wife, I thought I shou'd have such Luck to Day, because I got out of Bed backwards this Morning;

Morning; well, I'll laugh, make merry, cast up my Accompts, and then go hang myself: I have been shav'd, finely trim'd indeed! the Devil run away with the white Fox, and the Barber together. [Exeunt]

Enter Mother Griffin, Corinna, and Vizard.

Cor. Oh, Impudence! am I then fall'n so low, to be sollicitated by thee?

Viz. By me! Why not, *Corinna*, by me? Here's that which makes me equal with the Best: Honour, and Dignity, are deriv'd from this alone, [shakes a Purse,] 'tis the World's Basis, and I am sure the most prevailing Argument with your Sex.

M. Griff. Ay, by my Conscience is it, and the wiser we: Why, what signifies a Title; 'tis but an empty sound at best, and sound is but Air, and a Woman cannot live upon Air; and for Honour, why, 'tis only the Workmanship of Opinion. Marry! there's no thriving in this World, if you prefer any Thing before Money.

Viz. Right, Mother *Griffin*; you speak like an Oracle; 'tis the grand Mover of all Things.

M. Griff. Ay by my Troth is it, and the Quintessence of Virtue too: There is no Disgrace like Poverty; for if you observe, none but poor Harlots are call'd Whores; get but Money, and you are above Scandal; you may go to Church without Blushing, nay, upon my Honesty, you are Company for the Parson of the Parish: And I remember a witty Couplet, written by an old Bard to the same Purpose.

Ob London! What Shame that Town reproaches!.
Poor Whores are whipt—and rich ones ride in Coaches.

Viz. Right, the first beat Hemp in our *Bridewells*, and the latter drink Tea with the Justices.

Cor. Cease your hellish Doctrine.

Viz. Come *Corinna*, whatever you may think of me, I was once a Gentleman, tho' I am fall'n so low; tho' poor, depriv'd of all, I have a Heart, and Will, that still

still remains, and fain would venture on, when Beauty calls ; and this small Stock, which my own Industry has got, I must employ it yet to that dear Use.—

M. Griff. Take it *Corinna*, I have an Apothecary's Bill to pay.—

Cor. Hell take you and that together.

M. Griff. O bless me ! was ever such an uncharitable Creature ? Go, you may be ashamed to use a Woman of my Years, at this rate, if you had any Grace : Have you forgot how kind I have been to you, Hussy ? Did I not take you from the Waggon, a poor, ignorant, awkward Country Girl, with nothing but an old Stuff Gown to thy Back, and instead of making a Servant, did I not put thee in a goodly Condition, give the fine Cloaths, trick'd thee up, and brought thee into the best Company ? Well, well, the Sin of Ingratitude is great ; where do you think to go when you die, for using me at this rate ? [Crying.] Have I not helped you to rich Jews, French Marquisses, German Counts, English Lords, Scotch Earls, Dutch Merchants, innumerable ? Come, come, if you had any Grace, you might have made something of all these ; and am I thus rewarded for my Pains : Well, *Mary Griffin*, go thy ways, *Mary Griffin*, thy kind Heart will bring thee to the Hospital.

Viz. Take this little Tribute of my conquered Heart, I may in Time increase it.

Cor. Base, servile Villain, who livest by Noise, and Riot ; canst thou believe, that after *Freeman's* Love, I could receive a Rascal to my Arms ?

Viz. If I were there, you'd find but little Difference, and possibly the next you entertain, may fail to pay the Price I offer ye. This Rascal, and that beauteous haughty Thing, bating the Sex, differ but very little. I live by Broils, by Rapine, and by Spoils ; in Fears, Vexations, Dangers ; so do you ; I eat, when I can get a Fool to treat me, and you can do no more ; a Pox of your Pride, methinks we two might understand each other ; you have no Gallant to take your

Quarrel

Quarrel up; you reign'd when Time was, I'll do so now; for you have known my Love, shall find my Power, tho' yet I ne'er durst tell you so.

Cor. Nor shall not yet, for tho' that Lover's gone, who, but to look on, would have made thee tremble; I have Beauty still that may command another Man, whose very Glance shall make thee bow; and has it lost its Awe?

Viz. It has, and I am resolv'd upon a Couquest.

Cor. Death! Sirrah, stand off; and view my fatal Hand, it carries Death to the bold Ravisher, that dares approach irreverently a Whore! what tho' to her that bears it, 'tis a Shame, to all the World beside, it bears a mighty Sound; petition'd, sued to, worship'd, presented, flattered, sacrific'd to, Monarch of Monarchs, Tyrant of the World; what does that charming Word not signify? And dar'st thou raise thy hated Eyes so high, to gaze on such a Constellation? [Exit]

Viz. I'll not leave you so.

*Resolution conquers Love, for like a Shade,
It follows, fled; pursu'd, flies as afraid.*

[Exit]

M. Griff. Go thy ways for a cunning Knave, my Life for thy Success; he has that will debauch half our Sex, Money and Impudence, two irresistible Temptations:—What would you have, Sir? wou'd you

Enter Freeman in Disguise.

have ought with me?—A proper, handsome Fellow, but ill drest.

Free. Madam, I am a Gentleman grown poor, decay'd by Fortune, and wou'd gladly serve you; I can obey, could you direct where.

M. Griff. This Fellow wou'd serve my Turn most admirably: I like his Symmetry; he is well built, and by my Troth, my Blood is not so cold, nor am I yet so old, to be past Pleasure:----Adod, I am a brisk old Woman, Ha, ha, ha, [Dances.] Oh, a Stitch, a Stitch!—Oh, my Fabrick grows very weak, and the

the least Motion, loosens the Joints.—Well, we must all decay : Life is but a Span, and Death is a Debt we must all pay, sooner or later. Mercy on us.—Well ! I vow he is a portly Fellow—and if I were not old—a pize of that Word Age—but the oldest Cooks can lick their Fingers.

Corin. within] Help, help, undone, Oh, help !

Free. Ha ! what Noise is that ? [Draws, and runs in.

M. Griff. Sure the Rogue is ravishing her.

Enter Freeman, dragging in Vizard, Corinna following.

Cor. Hold, do not kill the Villain : 'Tis enough you have saved me from his Mischief.—pray let him go.

Free. 'Tis pity, but I will obey : Begone, base Scoundrel—[Kicks him off.] 'Sdeath, what a wretched Thing is a Whore, that every Rascal dares approach with Love ?

Cor. But who, are you, pray, Sir, to whom I am so much obliged ?

Free. One, that would gladly serve in any Quality.

Cor. Thou hast a brave Soul, I'm sure ; I will endeavour to prefer you ; in the mean Time, make this your House. [Knocking without.]

M. Griff. Shall any have Admittance ? [Exit.]

Cor. Only the perjur'd Freeman's Friend : You may retire, and wait my farther Pleasure.

Free. I'll overhear you too.— [Retires.]

Enter M. Griffin, and Bevil.

Bev. Now, my dear Mistress, Soul of my Desires, I come with all the Spoils of conquering Love, to lay 'em at thy Feet ; the Bar to all my Happiness is dead, and here's the Witness of my Victory.—

Cor. Freeman dead ! Oh, thou inhumane Friend, who borrowed that Title only to betray him ? O Justice, can you let this bloody Villain live ? Support me, or I fall to the Earth with this sad killing News.

Bev.

Bev. What do you mean, Madam? Shall I vow to you he is not dead?

Cor. Ha! not dead, Traytor! And hast thou then deceived my Hopes? And is not *Freeman* dead? Oh, what is Man? Didst thou not swear, and beg to give me any Proof of thy false Paffion? I asked you this, and is it thus, you gave it? Oh, for a quick revenging Power to kill thee.

Bev. Calm thy dear angry Face, and tell me my Love, which Way it best shall please?

Cor. Is it then in that Choice to tell me either? Oh, blast thy double Tongue, and all this Beauty that misled thy Truth.

Bev. Then since 'tis my Destiny to offend, I'll follow Truth, and tell you, Madam, all your strict Commands I did obey, and *Freeman* is no more.

Cor. No more! Why, what hadst thou to do with my Commands? Oh, thou hast kill'd all that my Soul could love; go from my Eyes, far from my Thoughts remain.

Bev. This is an ill Reward for all my Love: But such Ingratitude will drive thee from my Heart [Going.

Cor. I must not let him go, 'till I'm reveng'd.—Stay, I relent. Oh, stay, and give my Heart a little Time, to take Leave of its old Acquaintance; alas, I lov'd this *Freeman*, lov'd him dearly, more than my Life.

Bev. Why did you kill him then?

Cor. Why, in my own Defence; he gave the first, I fear, the mortal Wound.

Bev. Then believe it just, and think of him no more, but of the dear Reward of all my Services: Come, will ye not?

Cor. I will; but you'll receive it decently, and not with Hands stain'd in the Blood of him, who lately was so dear to me?

Bev. Still on that Subject?

Cor. You'll find me all you wish, give me but an Hour's Time to compose myself.

Bev.

Bcv. Do not you dally with me?

Cor. No, by Heaven, when you return, I'll give you your Reward; and what you most deserve.— *(Aside.)*

Bcv. Here keep this Ring, and think each Minute's Absence, is a long Year in Love—Farewel! *[Exit.]*

Cor. Vain, credulous, treacherous Fool, Farewel: Mischief, inspire me now with all thy Arts: Methinks the Sight of this instructs my Soul with a noble Piece of Villainy. I will to *Celia* with this Ring, and frame a Story of such cunning Mischief, shall stab her thro' the Ear, into the Heart; by Heav'n 'tis greatly brave, and I'll begin it: Then, when this treacherous Fellow does return, I'll be prepar'd for him.—Who waits?

Enter Mother Griffin and Freeman.

Free. Now, what a Devil is this Woman! *Aside.*

Cor. Call a Coach this Minute— and you, Sir, I must beg to wait on me.

Free. Where ever you command.—This was lucky
—*[Aside.]* *[Exeunt.]*

Scene the Street. Enter Vizard.

Viz. There is a Fate, I think, attends Men of my Vocation, that what we extract from Fools, and un-designing Persons, by the Curse of Desire, is generally apply'd to the Use of some insolent Whore, that is predestin'd to doat on another, and maintain her Paramour, at our Expence: I, who am so excellent a Master in all the subtle Arts of Circumvention, am not Proof against the Insinuation of Beauty: There is a kind of Witchcraft in the Face of *Corinna*, and I am a voluntary Bubble: That damn'd old Bawd, Mother *Griffin*, has had more Money from me to procure her Consent, than ever any Golden Ass gave for a young Actress's Maidenhead.

Enter Mixum and the Goldsmith's Apprentice, with a Silver Punch-Bowl.

Mix. Be sure you take a particular Care of it ; deliver it into my Wife's own Hands ; for I am terribly afraid of that Rogue *Vizard* ; he's a cunning Fellow, and able to cheat the Devil ; nay, to my Knowledge, he has made an Ass of a Lawyer, and circumvented a Stock-jobber : — But if ever I catch him, Oons I'll play the Devil with him.

[*The Apprentice, and Mixum, go off severally.*

Viz. The Fox grows fat when he's curs'd ; I'll shave you smoother yet, Friend *Mixum* ; my Mouth runs on Water for that Punch-Bowl, if I were to bite a poor Poet, or a penurious Parson, who for Want of Learning had but one good Meal in a Fortnight, it were a Sin ; but to wring the Weathers of this base Jumbler of Elements, I hold it meritorious, and will draw a Lot for the Punch-bowl, without the Fear of a Halter before my Eyes.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes. Enter Mr. Thinkwell, Celia, and Miranda.

Think. *Celia*, I know you love him, and there is no need of Diffimulation : I have given you my Consent, and once more tell you, I can never approve of any Man for your Husband, whom you dislike.

Cel. Sir, I know not how to requite your Goodness, but by an entire Submission to your Will.

Think. And what says my little *Volatile*, ha ? — Well, you shan't gnaw the Sheets for want of a better Employment ; I'll take Care you shan't die a Maid.

Mir. Indeed, Sir, you ought to provide me a Husband as soon as you can ; for when my Cousin is dispos'd of, I shan't care to lye alone.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lady desires to speak with you.

Think.

Think. Bid her come in.

Enter Corinna; and Freeman disguised.

I hope your Business is with me, fair Lady.

Mir. It would be but ill dispatched then.

Cor. I know not, Sir; first, I must desire your Name: Are you Father to the fair *Celia*?

Think. I am, fair Mistress, for want of a better; this is the Maid you name.

Cor. My Time's but short, and what I have to say, I must dispatch: Madam, you had a Lover once, whose Name was *Freeman*.

Cel. Had! (good Heaven) I hope, and have.

Cor. No, *Bevil* has basely killed him.

Cel. Oh, miserable *Celia*!

[*Swoons.*]

Think. Look to my Daughter.

Cor. Madam, look up; this great Concern he merits not; 'twas Pity brought me here to undeceive you: His Vows and Soul were mine, entirely mine.

Cel. Why did you call me back to Life again, or say, in Pity that you undeceive'd me? If you knew *Freeman* false, why did you stay me? You would have let me dy'd, it would have been more charitable.

Mir. This must be Malice sure.

Cor. Madam, do you know this Ring? He gave it me, and told me such Things of your tiresome Passion, as often gave us cause of Laughter.

Mir. Sure all Mankind is false.

Cel. I cannot blame him, that he lov'd me not, when so much Beauty, as appears in you, gave him Permission to adore it; but 'twas most cruel to sport at my Misfortune; he should have pitied Follies he created—Help me, *Miranda*, for I grow faint.

Think. Lead her in, and be careful of her.—

[*Exeunt Celia, and Miranda.*]

but Madam.—

Free. I cannot hold; I must reveal myself—yet I will have Patience, to see the utmost that this Devil

aims at: How miserable were it to be virtuous, if such a Wretch as this could prosper! Oh, Heaven, what Difference there is in Women, and their Life? What Man, that's worthy the Name of Man, wou'd leave the modest Pleasures of a lawful Bed; Joys of chaste Sheets, for the unhealthful Embraces of a common Woman!

[Aside.]

Think. Confest, Madam? And to you? On what Acquaintance, pray?

Cor. He was in love with me, and seeing no Hopes of gaining me whilst *Freeman* liv'd, he found a Means to murder him, then vaunted of his Villainy to me: Please you to go, where I'll direct you, and you shall hear him confess the Murder.

Think. Madam, I'll lose no Time, but go with you this Minute; we'll take some Officers along with us: If *Bevil* be such a Villain, he shall feel the utmost Rigour of the Law.

Exeunt.

Scene changes. Enter *Mrs. Mixum*, with a Punch-bowl, and the Apprentice.

Wife. Well, *Jarvis*, remember me to your Master, and Mistress, and tell 'em, I acknowledge the Receipt of this—Acknowledge the Receipt! This 'tis to have good Education, and to be brought up in a Tavern; tho' my Husband be a Citizen, all *London* knows, I keep as good Company, as any She within the Walls.—Farewel, honest *Jarvis*. [Exit the Apprentice.]

Enter *Vizard*, drest like a Goldsmith's Apprentice, with a Jole of Salmon.

Viz. A fair Hour to you, Mistress.

Wife. A pretty Compliment; I'll write it down: A beautiful Thought to you, Sir.

Viz. Your Husband, and my Master, Mr. *Glysten*, have sent you a Jole of fresh Salmon, and they intend to come both to Supper presently, to season your new Bowl, forsooth, which your Husband intreats you would

would send back by me, that his Arms may be engraved on it, which he forgot before.

Wife. Are you sent by no Token? Nay, I have a Wit.

Viz. Yes, forsooth, by the same Token, he was left in the Suds this Morning.

Wife. A sad Token, but true; here, pray commend me to your Master and Mistress, and tell 'em I expect 'em impatiently:—[Exit. *Viz. with the Bowl.*] Impatient, was well again! *Sam, Sam, why Sam,* I say.

Enter *Sam.*

Sam, Here, here, forsooth.

Wife. Come quickly, spread the Table, lay Napkins, and, do you hear, perfume the Room a little, it does so smell of this profane Tobacco; and I could never endure Tobacco, since Mr. *Tickletext* told me it was an Enemy to Propagation.—So, spread handsomely.—Lord, these Boys do Things so *Arsie-varsie!* You shew your Breeding: So methodically.—Hum! I wonder where I got that Word. Oh, it was Sir *John Empty*, bid me kiss him methodically; well he's a fine Gentleman, and every Thing he does, is excrementally sweet: There's another fine Word.—Well! I have a Memory.

Enter *Mr. Mixum.*

Mix. Well, *Robin Mixum*, be not discourag'd, be not disheartned; thou wilt recover all.

Wife. Oh, are you come Husband! Where are they?

Mix. How now, how now, how now? What, a Feast going forwards! And in my private Parlour! Who treats *Peg*, who treats?

Wife. Prithee leave Fooling, are they come?

Mix. Come! Who come?

Wife. Lord, how strange you make it!

Mix. Strange, what's strange? Is the Woman mad?

Wife. Ay, strange: You know of none that sent me a Jole of fresh Salmon, do you—and said they'd come to Supper with me?

Mix. Ha! fresh Salmon! Peace, not I; Peace, the Messenger has mistaken the House: Let's eat it up quickly, before it be enquired for:—Come, come, Vinegar, quickly, *Sam*.—Some good Luck yet Faith;—I never tasted Salmon that relish'd better in my Life;—well, 'tis a rare Thing to feed at other Mens Cost.

Wife. Other Mens Cost! Prithee don't turn Fool; did not you send this Salmon?

Mix. No, I say; no.

Wife. By Mr. *Glisten's* Man?

Mix. I say, no.

Wife. Who sent Word, that he and his Wife would come to Supper with me?

Mix. No, no, no. (Eats heartily.)

Wife. And hanſel my new Bowl?

Mix. Hah, Bowl! [Lays down his Knife, and starts.

Wife. And withal, commanded me to send the Bowl back?

Mix. Ha! back!

Wife. That your Arms might be put on't.

Mix. Oh!

Wife. By the same Token, that you were left in the Suds this Morning.

Mix. Oh, oh, oh!

Wife. And thereupon I sent back the Bowl,—nay, and I bear not the Blame.—

Mix. And is the Bowl gone? Is it deliver'd? departed? defunct? Ha!

Wife. Deliver'd! Yes sure, 'tis deliver'd.

Mix. I will never more say my Prayers;—and is the Bowl gone?—

Wife. Gone! God's my Witness, I deliver'd it, with no more Design to be cozen'd on't, than the Child that's unborn.

Mix.

Mix. Look to my House, I am haunted with evil Spirits : Hear me, thou Plague to Man, thou Wife, thou : If I have not the Bowl again, I will go to the Devil ; I'll to a Conjurer ; look to my House ; I'll raise all the Wifemen in *London*. [Exit.

Wife. Bless me, what fearful Words are these ! I hope he is but drunk.

Enter Vizard, *as before*.

Viz. I must have my Salmon ; I cannot afford the old Rogue so good a Bit : I must have it to season my Punch : Now for a Master-piece.—fair Mistress.—

Wife. Oh, have I caught you ! *Sam*, shut up the Doors, *Sam*.

Viz. Peace, good Mistress, I'll tell you all ; a Jest, a meer Jest ; your Husband did it only to fright you : The Bowl's at my Master's, and thither your Husband's gone, and has sent me in all haste, lest you should be over frightened, to invite you to come to Supper to him.

Wife. Praise Heaven 'tis no worse ; but he did not do well ; I never was so scar'd in the whole varsal World ; he has put every Part about me in a Constellation.

Viz. And he desires you wou'd send the Salmon before, and yourself to follow ; my Mistress will be very glad to see you.

Wife. I pray take it ; well, I was never so out of my Wits, in my Life—pray, thank your Mistress. [Exit. *Viz.* with the Salmon.] How my Heart beats still !—*Sam*, send *Betty* with my Hood, my Gloves, and Scarf, quickly—well, if I had been thus couzen'd of my Bowl, I should never have been *complus mentius* again.

Enter

Enter a Maid with a Hood, Scarf, and Gloves; and goes about to put them on.

Enter Mr. Mixum.

Mix. How now, whether are you jaunting, ha?

Wife. Come, come, pray leave off your Fooling; you might have made me miscarry.

Mix. What unusual Devil has possest the Woman?

Wife. Devil me no Devil, will you go?

Mix. Go! whither? In the Name of Madness, whither?

Wife. Whither? Why to Mr. *Glysten's*, to eat the Salmon; how strange you make of it?

Mix. Your Meaning Jade, your Meaning?

Wife. Lord bles me! Did you not send for me, and for the Salmon, by the self-same Fellow, that came for the Bowl?

Mix. 'Tis well! 'Tis wondrous well! And are you in your right Wits, Jade? Are you?

Wife. Nay, if you make an Afs of me, I'll make an Ox of you, I tell you that. [Exit.

Mix. Certainly, I must be distracted, or my Wife, —or both of us.—Well, I'll never pray again, that's certain; if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, the City's like to thrive—I'll go hang myself out of the Way. [Exit.

Scene changes. Enter Thinkwell, Corinna, and Officers.

Cor. This is my Lodging, Sir, where, if you'll please to wait a little, you shall both see, and hear the Truth of what I've told you.

Think. But, Madam, did he tell you, he had kill'd his Friend? Tell you himself? That's strange?

Cor. Sir, if you find I wrong him, let me die; he came all breathless, panting to my Chamber, his Sword all bloody; and pray'd me to conceal him, for he had murder'd *Freeman*.

Think.

Think. Under Favour ; what Quarrel had they, said he ?

Cor. I innocently was the unhappy Cause : They lov'd me ; both were Rivals in my Favour ; nor knew I which my Heart inclin'd to most. *Freeman* had Wit, Youth, Gaiety, and good Humour, was lovely, well made, fit to engage a Heart ; and *Bevil* too was handsome, very discreet, amorous, soft in his Language, modest in his Actions, though their Charms were different, yet 'twas hard to say who was the greater Conqueror ; so I, by favouring either, made the other jealous.

Enter Mother Griffin.

M. Griff. Well, Daughter ; *Bevil* is come again. —he's upon the Stairs.

Cor. Pray, Sir, retire with the Officers into my Closet, and you shall hear he will confess the Murder ; and having Witness, you may apprehend him. *Exeunt Thinkwell and Officers.*

Enter Bevil.

Bev. Now, my *Corinna*, now my heavenly Fair, I come to claim thy Promise. Oh, the excessive Joy that fills my Soul with Thoughts of my approaching Happiness.

Cor. But, stay.

Bev. Oh ! do not kill me with that fatal Word.

Cor. You have not told me yet, how you kill'd *Freeman*.

Bev. Oh ! name him not ; some Fit of Love, or Rage, will seize thy Soul, at naming him, and ruin me ; my dear *Corinna*, Mistress of my Soul, name him no more.

Cor. Now on thy Life, by all I hold most dear, now *Freeman* is no more, the Repetition will be grateful to me ; Prithee, how fell the perjur'd Man ? Tell it me o'er again, and I'll resign myself forever to thy Arms.

Bev.

Bev. Tell thee, and take thee ! Would every Syl-
lable betray my Life, I'd haste to utter it for that Re-
ward : I met with him in *Somerset-House* Gardens,
and upbraiding him of his Cruelty to thee, I took
that Occasion to provoke him to a Quarrel, which
succeeded ; he drew, and at the Pass, my Sword went
through his Heart ; after that, I flung his Body into
the *Thames*, which the Stream has by this Time carry'd
farther off.

Cor. And you shall die for it, fond, easy Fool.

Enter Mr. Thinkwell and Officers.

Think. Seize the Murderer : Oh, wicked Villain,
base, and treacherous !

Bev. Base, and perfidious Woman ; hold off your
Hands, and let me ask this Devil why she does thus.

Cor. Oh, Fool, that couldst believe my Love so
flight to let thee live, that murder'd him, I liv'd for :
Now my Revenge is finish'd.

Bev. Now, now, I see the strong Deformity of
sinful Passion.

Think. Come, come, Sir, we came not here to talk,
carry him away, the Sessions begins To-morrow
Morning ; I'll get the Bill found, and have you hang'd
out of the Way.

Bev. I deserve this Usage, but yet un-hand me ;
this I had been serv'd, had I indeed kill'd *Freeman* ;
but, Sir, he lives, lives at his Goldsmith's, one *Glysten's*
in *Cheapside*.

Cor. Heaven ! Lives ! Lives to be married : Oh ! —

Think. We are not to believe that, to Prison with
him, till he can prove this true.

Bev. No Rudeness, I'll go unguarded.—To what
a monstrous Height of Wickedness is this Wretch ar-
riv'd ! First to contrive, and persuade me to murder,
and then to glory in betraying me !

Think. How, Sir, this Woman set you on ! Nay,
then, pray Mr. *Constable*, lay hold on her, and see her
forth-coming.

Cor.

Cor. With Joy, since *Freeman* lives, and lives to be perjur'd ; no Matter what becomes of me.

M. Griff. 'Ods my Life, un-hand my Child, you rude Cuckolds of Authority, or I shall lay my Cane a-cross your fortify'd Noddles.

Think. This is the Bawd, and consequently, a Principal in the Murder ; lay hold of her, and if *Freeman* cannot be produced, you shall be accountable for his Blood.

M. Griff. Here's Doings—Help, help, I am a Gentlewoman, Varlets ;—Oh, my Ribs, oh, my Ribs,—my Ribs. [They force 'em off. *Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Vizard.

Viz. No Prey stirring ? Sure the Devil is about extraordinary Busines ; for I never yet had an Inclination to be wicked, that he was backward of sending an Opportunity.—

Enter a Fidler, with a Cloak on.

Ha, here comes a Fellow, he looks, by his Cloak, to have Money in his Breeches ; I must have a Knock at his Pate, to get into his Pocket,—[Knocks him down.

Fid. Oh, oh, oh !

Viz. What the Devil have we here ! A poor Fidler ! A Pox on him, I took him for a Gentleman ; I guess by his Profession, he has as little Money, as Understanding.—I thought so—a crooked Sixpence—[Feels in his Pocket.] a Piece of Resin, and two Yards of Cat-gut ;—but let me see, here's a Cloak for my Kna*ery. *Takes the Cloak, and exit.*

Fid. O, dear Heart, the Rogue has kill'd me ; he has made a soft Place in my Head ;—stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief. [Exit.

Enter Mixum, meeting Vizard in a Cloak.

Mix. Oh, that should be my Arch-rogue, *Vizard*.—Have I caught you at last ? I'll make you an Example.—

ample.—[Takes hold of his Cloak—he slips away, and leaves the Cloak with Mixum:] 'Odso, the Dog has flipp'd out of his Cage; but I have got a good Cloak by the Bargain, that's somewhat towards my Losses.—

(He puts on the Cloak.)

Enter Fidler, Constable, and Watchman.

Fid. Stop Thief, stop Thief.—Oh, Mr. *Constable*, there's the Rogue, he has got my Cloak upon his Back.

Const. Seize him.

Mix. How, now, Gentlemen; what's the Matter?

Const. Why, you have robb'd a Man upon the King's Highway.

Mix. Why, sure the Fellow's a Fool.

Fid. No, he is not, but he's a *Constable*, and that's all one; that's my Cloak, and I will take my Oath, that you came behind me, knock'd me down, and ran away with it upon your Back; and so, Mr. *Constable*; I charge you to carry him before a Justice.

Const. Come, bring him along.

Mix. This damn'd Fellow, *Vizard*, is certainly my evil Genius.—I shall be hang'd for his Roguery, now.

Exeunt.

The End of the second Act.



A C T III.

Enter Celia and Miranda:

Cel. **B**UT, tell me, dear *Miranda*, is it a Crime to die, when Life's a Torment?

Mir. Prithee leave these melancholly Thoughts; you make me sad, a Humour that I hate; 'Slife pine for one Man! Why, Girl, consider, thou art Young, and

and hast Beauty enough to break half a score Hearts, and attract all the Fops in Town ; then prithee assume a little Tyranny ; it becomes our Sex, and resolve to revenge our Quarrel on all Mankind.

Cel. Oh, thou art happy, would I were unconcerned, and had even a brutal Temper, that no Misfortune could depress, or Happiness could elevate.

Mir. Call you that brutal ? Give me that solid one ; I hate your thin and unsubstantial Soul, that every small Assault of Fortune breaks through, and makes ridiculous Mirth, or Sorrow ; give me a Soul, a Humour that's in Grain, not one that fades, like Colours in the Sun and changes like your Cheeks ; now pale, now red, and tells the World the Secrets of your Heart : But, I must confess, I'm griev'd for *Bevil*, for you know I love him ; yet not so much, to whine and die for him ; and his Misfortunes as a Friend, I feel not as a Lover, since his Inconstancy has forfeited that Respect.

Cel. Oh, *Miranda*, thou talk'st like one, whose Heart ne'er felt one Symptom of that generous Passion ; true, Love admits of no Alterations ; yet, when I consider *Freeman* was false, methinks I should not die.

Mir. Nay, as for that, I think you are mistaken ; I think him true enough, and by what my Uncle has informed me, that was one of his incens'd Mistresses, one of his Family of Love, that envied your Happiness, and contrived this purely to be revenged on him, or put you in Despair. Nay, I believe *Freeman* is not dead, nor can I think *Bevil* could be so base, upon any Account, to kill him, especially on this, 'twere a Disgrace, as well to his Understanding, as his Honour ; though, indeed, Honour is very seldom to be consulted in the Affairs of Women, or Understanding either ; if they were, some Men would be more circumspect in their Intrigues, than they are now-a-days, unless they think Quality a Sanction for Prophaneness ;

phaneness; therefore be pacify'd; you have not slept Night; sit, and I'll sing to you. *(She sings.)*

Cel. I cannot sleep; alas, there is no Musick like my Sighs. *Swoons.*

Mir. Alas, she faints.—help, help.—

Enter Freeman.

Free. By your Leave, sweet Creatures.—

Mir. Uncivil, Sir, what are you?

Free. One that brings Comfort—ha, the Lady dying! Stand by, I have a Cordial in my Voice.

Mir. Ha, *Freeman* alive! What Miracle is this?

Cel. Ha! *Freeman*! Or does my Sense deceive me? Sure, I am in Heaven, and this is *Freeman*; Art thou an Angel there?

Free. I would not wish it yet; No, we have an Age to come in Love, e'er we arrive to that.

Cel. Now I shall die with Joy;—forgive my Transport, 'tis the Effect of a sincere, and honest Passion, which I can conceal no longer.

Free. Call back thy Blood into thy pale Cheeks, thou Miracle of Woman: By all that's good, I never was unjust; that Woman, that beautiful Sinner, whom you saw, I have been to blame with! but you must forgive the Errors of my Youth.

Cel. I do, and her, and must love whom you love.

Free. I thank thy Goodness; but it shall not need; hereafter I'll tell thee all my Life; but now my Time is short, and I must yet remain in this Disguise to accomplish my honest Design on *Bevil*; for leaving thee, *Miranda*, for another.

Mir. And, has he been so wicked?

Free. Yes, but is now reclaim'd; I'll return the Penitent into your Arms again.

Mir. Why, Faith, Cousin, this is to be, I do love the Fugitive, that's flat; and if my Uncle please, will venture to take him, *for better, for worse.*

Enter

Enter Mr. Thinkwell.

Think. Oh, my Girls, I am sorry I am the Messenger of such ill News, but you must prepare your Hearts to bear with it; poor *Bevil* is condemned.

Mir. I thought he said he would produce *Freeman*, at Mr. *Glysten's*, the Goldsmith's?

Think. That's all one; when it came to the Test, *Glysten* deny'd he ever saw him; so that his own Confession hang'd him, without more Witness; and *Bevil*, *Corinna*, and that Mother of all Mischief, the Bawd, were found guilty of the Murder: However, I'll use all my Interest to procure *Bevil* a Pardon.

Mir. Then pray sollicit this Gentleman.

Think. Ha! *Freeman*, alive! May I believe my Eyes?

Free. You may.—

Think. Oh, kiss me, kiss me—kiss me.—But how? Which way? When? What? Where?—Lord, I am so transported.—Sure I am in a Dream all this while; well, I'll go back to *Newgate* again, and wake myself: But this Surprize had like to have made me forget, to tell you our Neighbour *Mixum*, the Vintner, is condemned for a Robbery, and several others.

Free. How, *Mixum* for a Robbery! Was it proved upon him?

Think. By a shabby Sort of a Fellow; but he swore Point-blank against him! 'tis thought, however, he'll have a Pardon; a Cloak was stolen; that Cloak was taken upon his Back; the Justice was drunk that committed him; the Judge severe, and in Haste, the Jury a hungry, and so the Knave was cast; but, Lord, to hear his Wishes, his Curses, his Prayers, and his ill-tim'd Zeal; by my Troth, they would have made a Comedy: But come, let us all to *Newgate*, with Expedition, and release the poor Gentleman from his dreadful Contemplations, of Death and the Gallows.

Om. With all our Hearts.

E 2

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene, the Outside of Newgate; a Box hangs out, and Padwell, with other Prisoners a Begging.

Jack. Pray, remember the poor Prisoners, the poor Prisoners, pray, remember: oh, oh.

Pad. Damn-ye, for a Son of a Whore, how sneakingly do you beg.—Remember the Poor, you sniveling Bitch; is that a Voice to dive to the Bottom of a Usurer's Pocket, and fetch out his Money, in spite of his harden'd Heart?—Remember the Poor!—Stand by you Dog, and let me come to the Grate.

Jack. Dear Heart, Mr. *Padwell*, methinks we should have little Stomach to beg, and are to be hang'd within these three Hours.

Pad. Why, you whining Cur, then we have the more need to beg, that we may drink at Parting; stand away, and observe me now, with what a laudable Voice I'll move Compassion:—Christians, pity the poor Prisoners of this loathsome Dungeon, and it will be restor'd unto you Ten-fold; drop your Bounty into this little Box, the only Support, Relief, and Comfort of Twenty poor wretched Souls: Noble Sir, remember the poor Prisoners.

Enter Mr. Thinkwell, gives Money, and goes in.

Heaven reward your noble Charity, and restore it to you, Forty, and Forty fold.

Enter Freeman, Celia, and Miranda, they put Money in the Box, and go in.

Ha, Ladies all alighted! Most beautiful Ladies, Dispense your noble Charity amongst twenty miserable Wretches, oppressed with Hunger and Cold: Merciful and fair—pity the Miseries of unfortunate young Men, whose few short Hours of Life they have left, shall be employed in Prayers for our noble Benefactors.—Oh, remember the Poor; ha, 'tis Gold; nay, now a short Life, and a merry One; we'll have it all in

in Drink, Boys; and when the Hour comes, die like Heroes, sing the Psalm merrily, and then—be hang'd, till we are sober.

[*Exeunt from the Grats.*

Scene, a Chamber in Newgate. Enter Bevil and Mr. Thinkwell.

Bev. No, Sir, I do not blush, nor are my Cheeks grown pale, tho' I'm condemned to die a shameful Death.

Think. No kind of Death is shameful, but the Cause.

Bev. Which I well know is none? but are there no Hopes of a Reprieve?

Think. Not the least.

Bev. Upon my Honour, Sir, *Freeman* is safe; I have already satisfied you, how I came to say what I did, of his Death, to that fair, false one;—sure some Letthargy has seiz'd him, that he appears not, or else he's mad. It cannot be Unkindness, and it would grieve you, Sir, to see me die, and after find me innocent.

Think. By the Mass, and so it would—But to put you out of all these hanging Apprehensions, know *Freeman* is alive—and here he comes himself to prove it.

Enter Freeman, Celia, and Miranda.

Bev. Ha! my dear, unkind Friend, have you dealt well with me?

Free. I was resolved I would be Quits with you, for getting my Mistress from me, which, by the way, I beg you would forgive.

Bev. Ha, *Miranda* here! Which Way must I look!

Mir. Nay, do not hide your Face, or turn away; I am wond'rous glad, to know where a Maid may find you, when she has Need of you: And tho' these Chains are something easier, than those of Matrimony, yet, like a malicious Woman, I am proposing a Change; what do you think of it? Dare you venture;

venture? Methinks it were no ungrateful Leap, from the Gallows, into a fair young Lady's Arms; would you not rather cry, drive away Carman, and sing your penitential Psalm at the Gallows, than turn back, and say, for better, for worse?

Bev. And can you, Madam, ~~except~~ this Criminal in Chains?

Mir. The sooner for that Reason, with my Uncle's Leave; for I have a good Hank upon you, when you are insolent, to upbraid you with the Place, from whence I had you.

Free. He cannot but commend your Passion for him.

Bev. I am ashame'd to be so much obliged.

Cel. Nay, leave the Shame to her.

Mir. Shame, I laugh at it, and would have believed it none, to have married *Bevil*, under the Gallows—therefore take my Hand, and bind the Bargain.

Bev. Thou art a noble Creature, and I am thine, for ever: Now, Sir, I must sue to you, for Pardon. [To

Mr. Thinkwell.

Think. Nay, I'm resolv'd, I will be reveng'd of thee, and since you escap'd the Hang-man, you shall be noos'd by the Priest.

Mir. Hanging and Marriage, you see, go by Destiny.

Think. I'll have the Sentence put in Execution immediately; and the Ordinary shall do the Business: He can read the Ceremony, as well as set a Psalm, and will bring a Man to Repentance, as soon as any one of his Function; come, we'll go down, and see what sort of a Figure my Neighbour *Mixum* makes under his Misfortune, and release the two wicked Women; and in the mean Time, I'll send to *Doctors-Commons*, for a Conjugal Warrant, and commit you to the Custody of *Hymen*. [Exeunt.

Scene,

Scene, the Lodge of Newgate: The Keeper calls, then enter Corinna, Mother Griffin, Padwell, Harry, Jack, Tom, and other Prisoners in Fetters, and Mrs. Mixum, and an Acquaintance of one of the Prisoners.

Keep. Bring out the Prisoners that are order'd for Execution.

Pad. So, Mother Occupy, you are preparing for your Journey, I perceive; are you equipt with a Nose-gay, and a Prayer-Book? What do you weep at, the Sins of your Youth, or the Fear of a Halter? Now, if you had kept within the Bounds of your own Trade, Fornication, and Adultery, and not proceeded to Murder, you would not have been fatigued with a Journey from Newgate to Tyburn.

M. Griff. Well, well, if I am to be hang'd, I can't help it; but my Comfort is, I shall die a good Protestant, and make a very decent End.

Mix. O Lord, little did I think of coming to this untimely Death.

Pad. Come, prithee leave whining; a Pox on thee, for a Chicken-hearted Son of a Whore; you are e-nough to make us all Cowards; I think 'tis a great Mercy you are to be hanged in such good Company.

Mix. O dear, how can you talk so, and are just going to leave the World?

Har. Will no good Christian give me a Draught of Drink? I am almost choak'd.

Pad. Have a little Patience, and you'll be quite choak'd,—Why, what hast thou lost thy Courage too, *Tom*? What dost thou cry for?

Tom. I don't cry so much, because I am going to be hang'd; but to think I have not Money to buy me a Coffin.

Pad. Never trouble thyself about that; my fond foolish Father, has sent me a Coffin; but faith, I have bit the old Prig, and have sold my Body to a Surgeon, and so I'll equip thee with my Carrion-Box.

Tom.

Tom. Thank you kindly, I wish I could do the same for you.

Acquain. Well, *Roger*, I am sorry I can't stay and see the last of you, but I wish you a good Journey, tho'.

Pad. Thank you, thank you, *Jack*, I wish you the same with all my Heart; but do you hear; pray remember my kind Love to my Brother *Sam*, and be sure tell him I dy'd like a Cock, damn'd hard.—

Enter a Keeper.

Keep. Here's good News for the two Women; the Gentleman who was thought to have been murdered, is now found, and in perfect Health.

M. Griff. Ha, then I am a Woman again, Heaven be thanked for it. *Corinna*, I hope no Body has taken our House, it stood rarely well, Girl, for Busines.

Mix. What, and are there no Hopes of a Reprieve, for me?

Keep. No, Sir, here's a good Man come to prepare you for t'other World.

Mix. Ay, dear Heart, then I'm in a bad Way, indeed.

Enter Vizard, as a Presbyterian Parson; Mr. Think-well, Freeman, Bevil, Celia, and Miranda.

Viz. Friend, I was acquainted of thy Misfortune, by thy worthy and laborious Pastor, Mr. *Zachariah Thum-pit*, who now lieth on a sick Bed; but having a great Concern for thy future Happiness, hath sent me to give thee some wholesome, and spiritual Advice; to be as it were, a Staff unto thee, for to take a great Leap— as it were—thou know'st not whither.

Free. *Corinna*, 'twas ridiculous of thee, to think thou could'st engage me ever; come, you must quit all Hopes of me now, and this vile Creature, this old Bedlam, whose Wickedness, I believe, at first debauch'd thee, her thou shalt forsake; I think thou art, in thyself, something nobler than most of thy Profession, howe'er thy Love to me had plung'd thee into such wicked Designs, which Providence has prevented; if you think you can fore-

fore-goe your former Course of Living, I will take care to provide for you in a virtuous Manner.

Cor. Such Generosity must engage me; I am too sensible of my Misfortune, though what I did, it was my Love to you, urg'd me to; however, I hope my future Penitence will engage all your Pity, and your Pardons.

Mrs. Mix. Well, Husband, this is a very comfortable Man.

Mr. Mix. He is so; but good Mr. *Zealfire*, leave my Soul a little while to itself, and let me have some of your Council concerning my Body; I owe Mr. *Glysten*, the Goldsmith, forty Pounds, and suppose now, when I am going to Execution, he should be so un-neighbourly to set a Serjeant on my Back.

Viz. Ah, trouble not yourself, my Christian Brother, with transitory Things, but have an Eye to the main Chance.—

Picks his Pocket.

Free. See, *Bevil*, the Parson is picking the Fellow's Pocket.

Bev. Have Patience, we'll detect him by and by.

Viz. I'll warrant your Shoulders—and as for your Neck—*Plinius Secundus*, or *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, or somebody says, that a threefold Cord, is hardly broken.

Mix. A very learned Man, this—well, I am not the first honest Man that has been hang'd, and I hope in Heaven, shall not be the last.

Mrs. Mix. Ha, Husband, I little thought you should have had need to have thought of Heaven so soon---- Oh,—if you had been hang'd deservedly, it would never have vex'd me; for many an innocent Man has been hang'd deservedly, but to be cast away for nothing; Oh, oh, oh!

Viz. Comfort yourself, good Mistress, moderate Grief is decent; you will shortly be a Widow, and I will come and visit you, and give you Christian Consolation.

Mrs. Mix. Thank you kindly, Sir; you shall be heartily Welcome to my House, by Day, or by Night.

—But,

—But, Husband, pray, are we to find the Halter, or they?

Mr. Mix. O Woman, Woman, why dost thou ask such a Question?—They, they to be sure.

Mrs. Mix. Nay, I could not tell, but I brought one along with me, for fear of the worst, (*Pulls a Halter out of her Pocket*) Oh, *Robin*, thou hast been a dear, good Husband to me, and I was not willing you should want for any Thing, I could help you to.

Mr. Mix. O, thank you kindly, dear *Peg*.

Mrs. Mix. I bespoke it of my Neighbour *Thong*, the Collar-maker, and gave him a strict Charge, to make a strong one; he sent it you upon his Word, and said he could not have made a stronger, if it had been for his own Wife.

Mr. Mix. O dear, he's a kind Man, and I am mightily beholden to all my Friends that are so ready to serve me at this Time.

Mrs. Mix. O my poor, dear Husband, I can't bear the Loss of you---I shall, I shall break my Heart; oh, I wish, I wish I were to be hang'd in your Room.

Mr. Mix. Oh, my Dear, I wish you were, with all my Heart; but I have been a great Sinner, and can't expect such Mercy; that would be a Happiness: ---Well, I do here make Confession of all my Sins, before these good People; I do declare---that if I owe any Man any Thing, I do heartily forgive him; and if any Man owes me any Thing, let him pay my Wife.

Viz. Very good.

Mr. Mix. But, Sir, there is one Thing lies upon my Conscience a little, I can't tell whether it be a Sin, or no; you must know, at the last Election for the City, I sold my Vote twice over, to both Parties, and Poll'd for neither, because, I would not disoblige any of my Customers, though if it be a Sin, there are a great many of my Brother Livery-men, as guilty as myself.

Viz. Repentance, Repentance is the only Thing.

Mr. Mix. Here, *Peg*, here are the Writings of that Rogue

Rogue *Vizard's* Estate, who has brought me to this untimely End---dear Writings to me: Take care of 'em, and now, good Yoke-fellow, take Leave of thy honest Husband.

Mrs. Mix. No, and please the Lord, I'll not leave you now, I'll see you hang'd first.

Viz. Ha, my Writings, now for a Trick of Dexterity, to retrieve those, and I am a Man again. — (*Aside.*) But, Brother, you must have been a Broacher of prophane Vessels, you have made us drunk with the Juice of the Whore of *Babylon*; for whereas, good Ale, Perry, and Metheglin, were the true, antient, *British*, and *Trojan* Liquors, you have brought in *Popery*, meer *Popery*, *French*, and *Spanish* Wines, to the Subversion, Staggering, and Over-throwing of many a good Protestant Subject.

Free. Ha, Mr. *Hyprocrite*, have we caught you? *Mixum*, he has (*Picks her Pocket*) pick'd thine, and thy Wife's Pocket.

Bev. By this Light, 'tis *Vizard*! Who could have suspected a Rogue in this Habit?

Free. Who could have suspected any Thing else in this Habit? 'Tis the tolerated Garb for Family Pick-Pockets.

Viz. Dear Sir, endeavour to save my Life, and I'll tell all?

Mr. Mix. O Rogue, Rogue, Rogue! Why wou'd you have been so wicked to have taken away my Life?

Viz. To tell you the plain Truth, Sir, I believe I should have let you been hang'd, before I had told of myself: But consider you had put me in a Condition of hanging, or starving. [Enter a Keeper.

Keep. Mr. *Mixum*, here is a Pardon come down for you.

Mr. Mix. Ah, Heaven bethank'd; but now Rogue, I have you upon the Hip.

Free. Come, *Mixum*, this good News should stop all Resentment; besides, it were a pity to hang the poor Fellow; consider, he was born a Gentleman, and his

his Dishonesty, was partly owing to your own Knavery ; you unjustly keep the Mortgage of his Estate from him ; and the Fellow must eat.

Mr. *Mix.* Well I will not prosecute the Rogue, this Time, though I know he'll be hang'd at last.

Viz. I thank you, Sir, but I'll disappoint your Prophecy, if possible : Desperate Diseases, must have Desperate Cures ; I'll e'en marry, and see if that will save me from the Gallows.

Mr. *Mix.* Say, you so, why then to turn you honest, and make you Amends for the Injustice I have done you, I'll give you my Daughter for a Wife, and a thousand Pounds to maintain her ; 'tis best to capitulate with the Knave or he'll rob me of as much as her Fortune comes to, and I shall have the Girl to maintain still.

Viz. What, lovely *Nancy* ! A warm Girl, Faith, kisses lusciously : Sir, I accept of your Proposal.

Mr. *Mix.* Then here's the Mortgage of your Estate to bind the Bargain ; and I'll leave off my Trade, and set thee up in my House ; your Reputation is good enough to keep a Tavern ; besides, I'll get you chose a Common-Council-Man, in a little Time, and when you are in the Herd, your former Roguery will quickly be forgot.

Enter a Keeper.

Keep. Sir, the Licence is come, and the Ordinary waits above.

Think. Come, young Fellows, take your Girls by the Hands, and lead up to the little Old Gentleman in Black.

*From this dire Place, many to Death have gone ;
But to be Marry'd very rarely One.*

Bev. Farewel my Troubles, and my Follies all,
Reason returns, and I'll attend its Call.

*Virtue and Love are now together join'd,
And shew me where, I may true Pleasure find ;
Thus all, who'd happy be, I here proclaim,
Must turn Love's Converts, and their Vice reclaim.*

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